

A.N.C.

JUMBO COMICS



10¢

No. 107
JAN.

A NEW
HOST GALLERY
THRILLER!



KILLER-CLAWS LASH
at **SHEENA**,
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE-
in "VANDALS
OF THE VELDT"

The Big 6

OF THE COMICS!

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jam-packed with
fast action and
dramatic adventure!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 108, FEBRUARY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY

SHENA Queen of the Jungle



"**W**HEN THE TWELFTH MOON RISETH, THEN SHALL THE GREAT GOD BOG-UMBO FEAST HIS FILL UPON GLISTENING PEARLS!" CHANTED THE DANCING WARRIOR OF KALONGA. "BRING YOUR OFFERINGS NOW TO OUR IDOL!" AND THUS IT WAS THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN WHEN SHEENA AND BOB MADE THEIR ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE... AND AS THEY TREKKED ACROSS THE SHIMMERING VELDT...

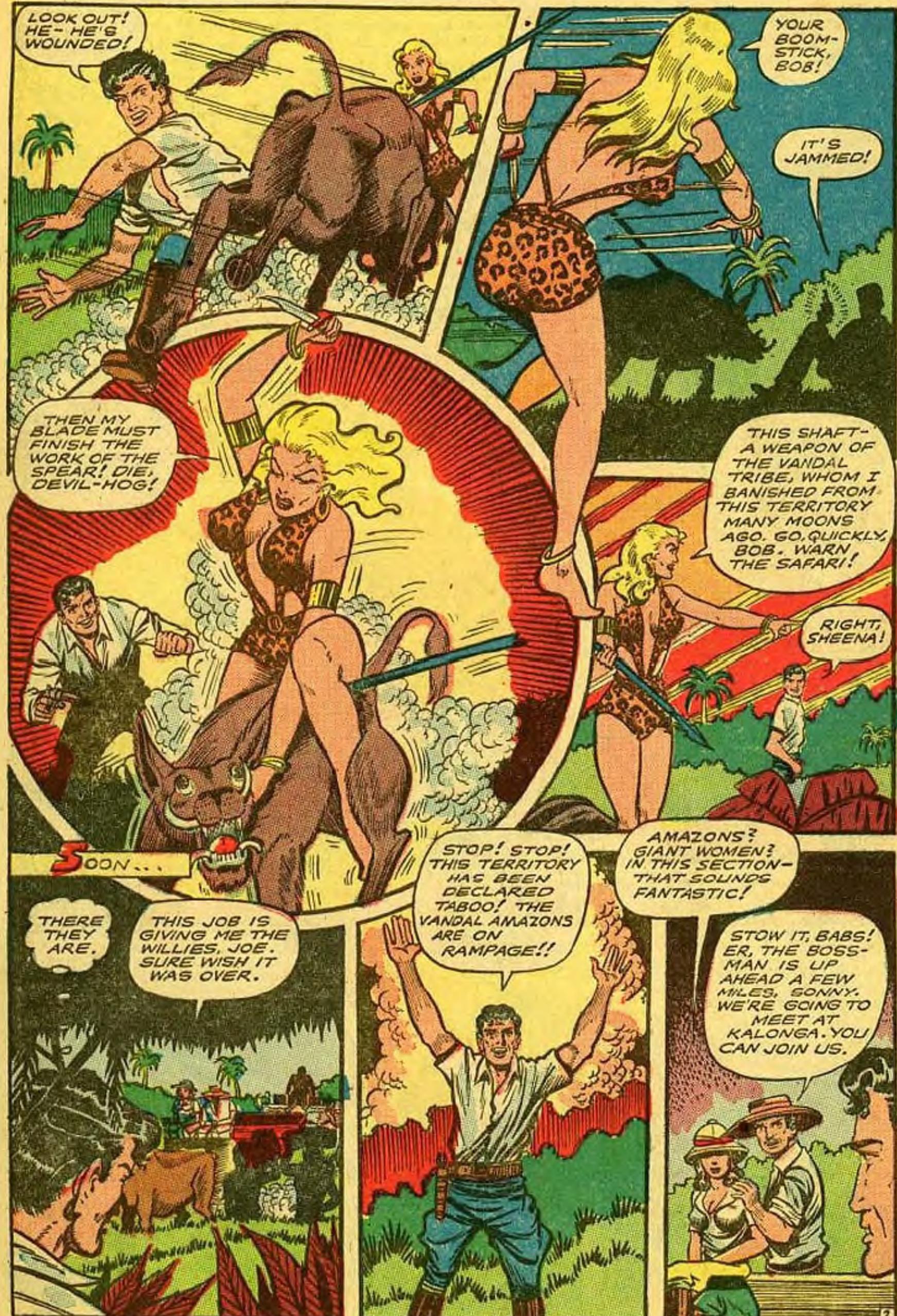
By
W. MORGAN THOMAS

SHEENA,
LOOK! THAT
SAFARI
COOKING
FIRE - IT...

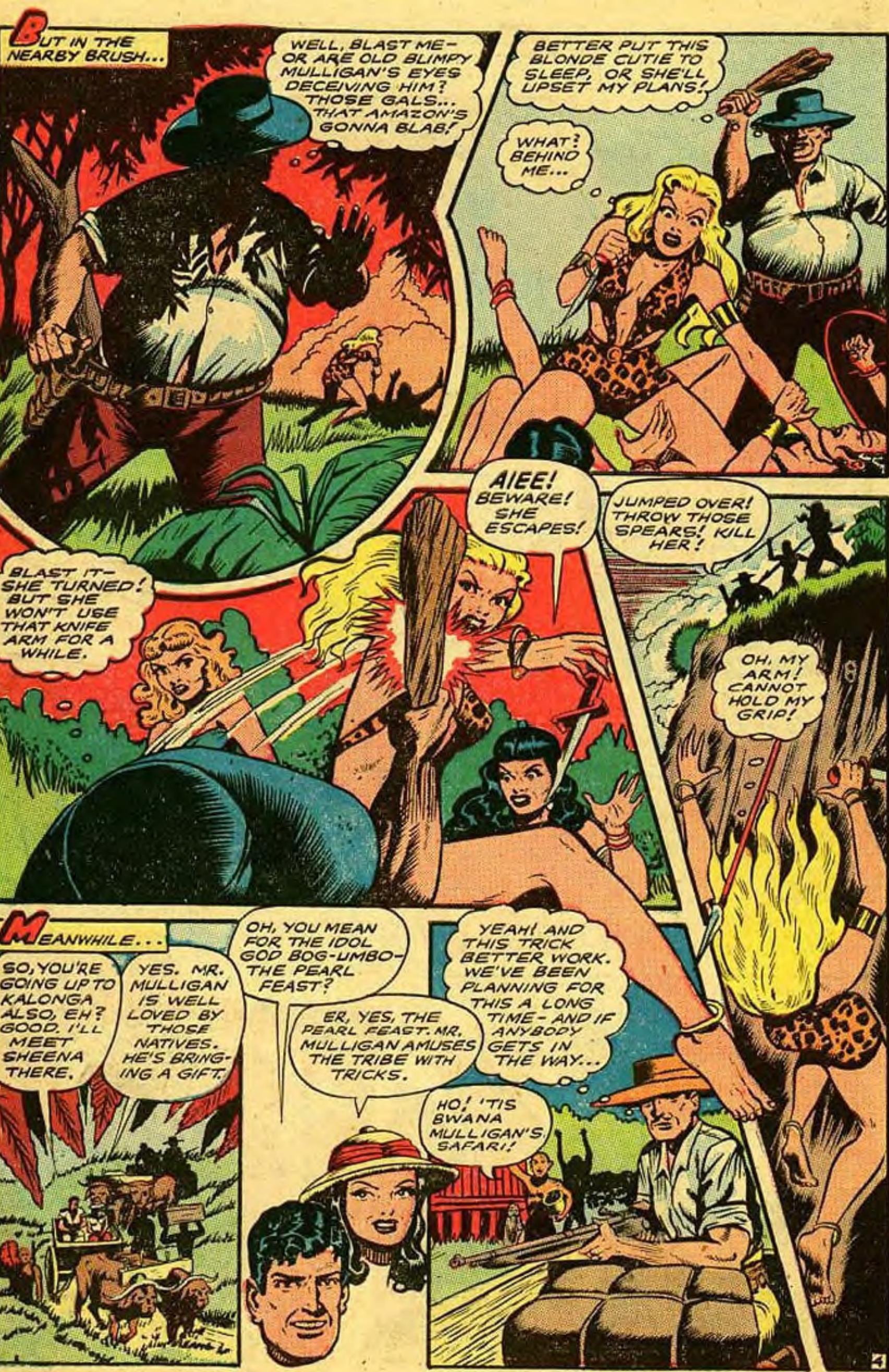
HOLD, BOB.
THESE
STRANGE
TRACKS
THAT STALK
IT INTEREST
ME MORE.
HARK! THAT
SOUND...

SUDDENLY, A SHARP CRACKLE... AN ANGRY SLAVERING SNORT AS TERROR HOOVES THUNDER... A SLOBBERING WART-HOG ON DEATH RAMPAGE CRASHES THROUGH!!











THERE'S THE BOSS-MAN. I WONDER WHERE SHEENA IS?

JAMBO, CHIEF! BLIMPY MULLIGAN PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO YOUR IDOL-GOD.

AND HERE'S A GIFT OF REAL PEARLS.

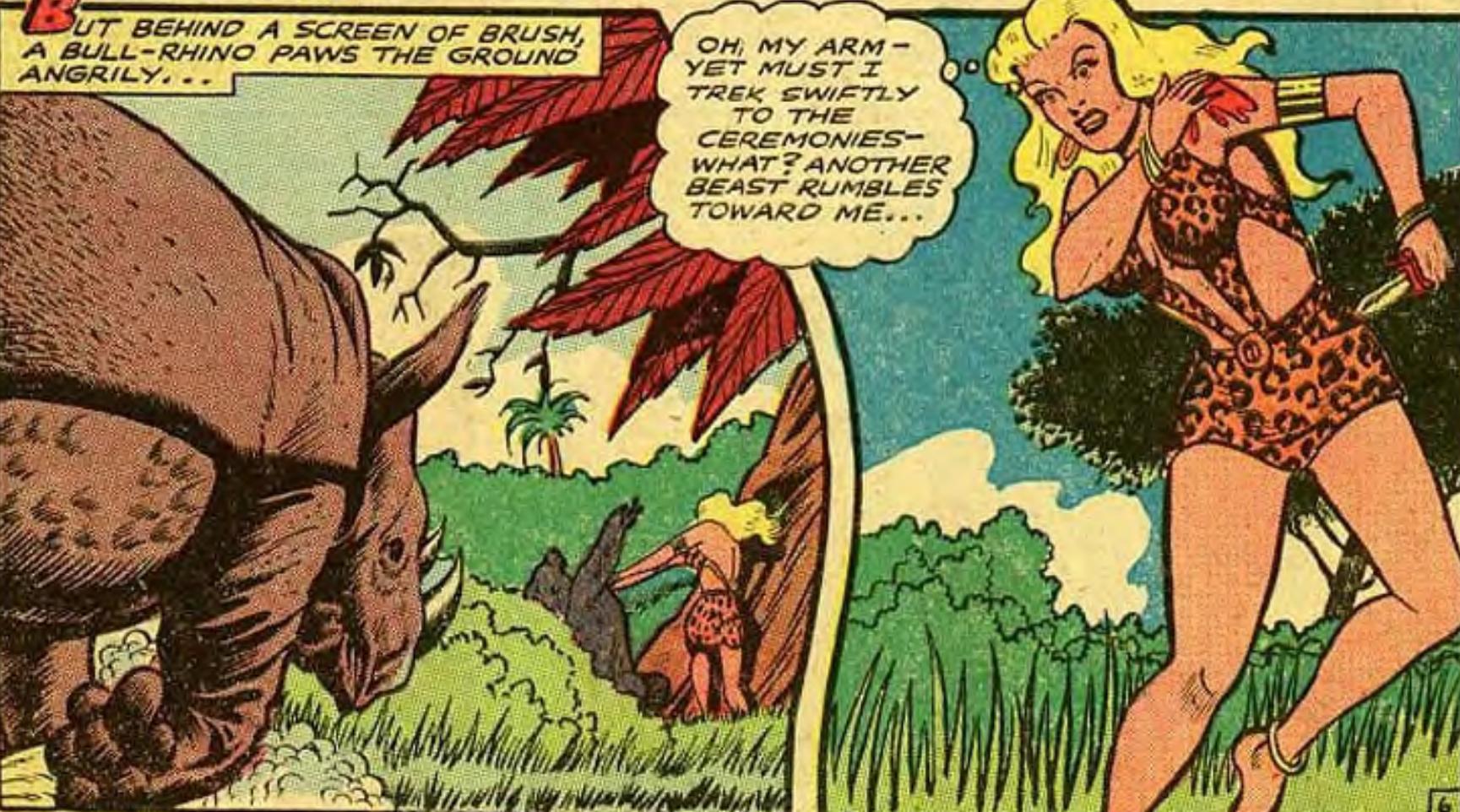
THEN THE HONOR SHALL BE YOURS, BWANA.

HERE, YA BIG MUCKEDY MUCK. THERE'S A FORTUNE INSIDE YOUR HEAD- AND SOON-SOON...



W WHILE... MY STEEL AGAINST YOUR FANG, TOOTHY ONE, WHICH SHALL BE THE STRONGER?

A BLUR OF TWISTING BODIES, A HARSH, DISCORDANT SNARL, A FLASHING BLADE STRIKES DOWN.



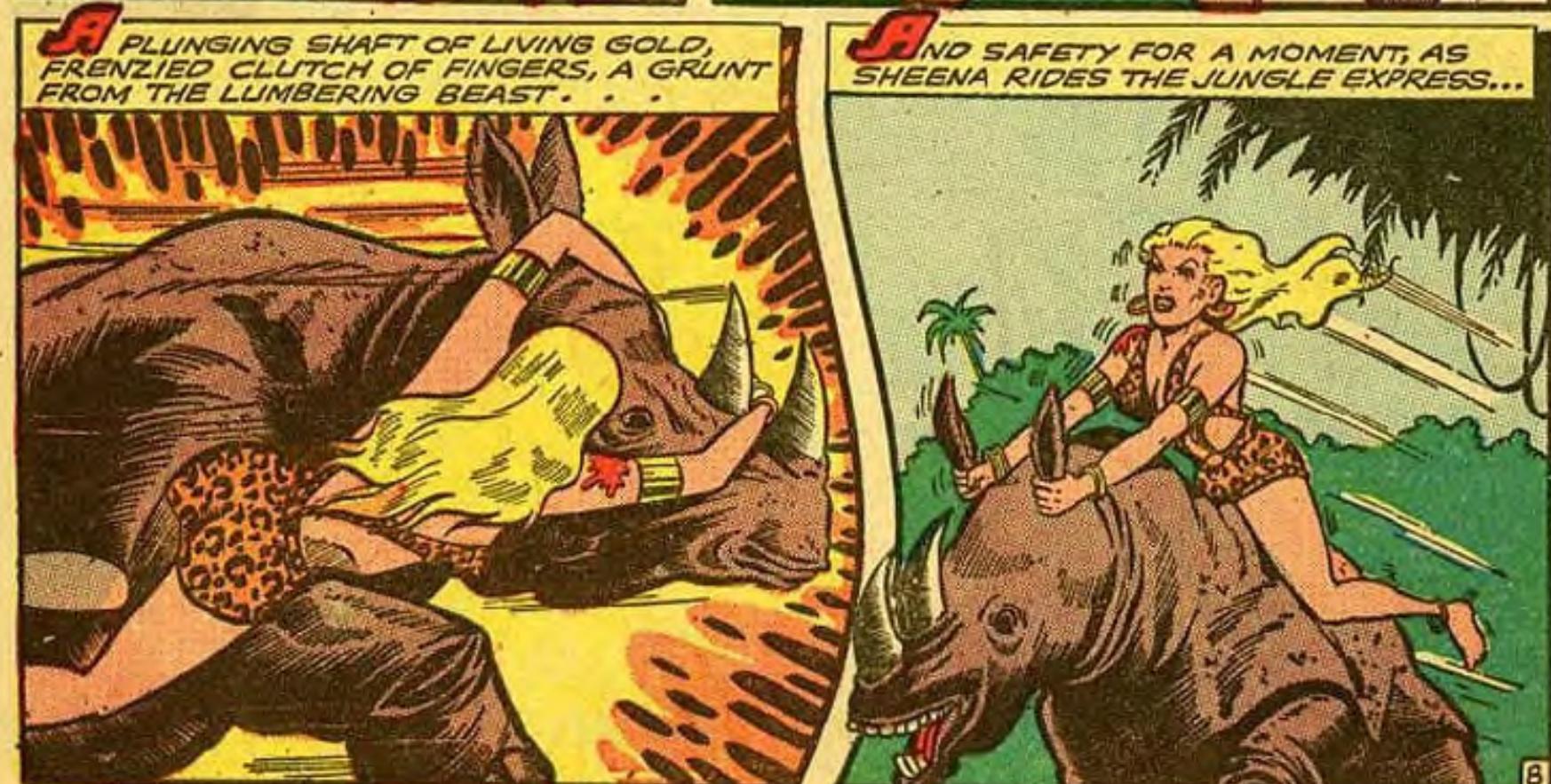
BUT BEHIND A SCREEN OF BRUSH, A BULL-RHINO PAWS THE GROUND ANGRILY...

OH, MY ARM - YET MUST I TREK SWIFTLY TO THE CEREMONIES - WHAT? ANOTHER BEAST RUMBLERS TOWARD ME...



MEANWHILE...







S

SUDDENLY...

WHAT DO
MY EYES
BEHOLD?

AMAZONS—
HURLING
POISON DARTS
AT CHIM!

CHEE!

MERE KILLING SATES
NOT YOUR BLOODLUST,
ONES OF EVIL! YET
MUST YOU TORTURE
THE WEAK AND THE
DUMB!

SHEENA!

AYE! BUT KNOW-KNOW NOW
AND FOREVER—THE VENGEANCE
AN AROUSED SHEENA CAN WREAK,
THOUGH SHE HAS USE OF BUT
ONE ARM!

AAH!

CHEE!
CHEE!

WILE...
WE'RE NEAR
BALUBA, ME
LADS! IT'S TIME
TO GET RID OF
THIS CHUMP—AND
I'VE GOT A PER-
FECT IDEA!

THERE—IT'S WORKING
GOOD! STEP CLOSER,
YOU TWO, YOU'RE
GONNA ENJOY THIS.

WHAT'S THE
PITCH, BLIMPY?
GOING TO GIVE
THE GUY A
HOTFOOT?

NAW! NOTHING
SO TAME. HIS
TONGUE—I'M
GONNA BURN IT
OUT. WATCH!





The Hawk

"AN UNBELIEVABLE DEVICE, GENTLEMEN. I BEG THAT YOU YOURSELVES WITNESS ITS FINAL TEST!" SUCH WAS THE MESSAGE THAT BROUGHT CAPTAIN HAWK AND OTHER SHIPS' MASTERS TO THE MARINE LABORATORY'S AGED HALL...

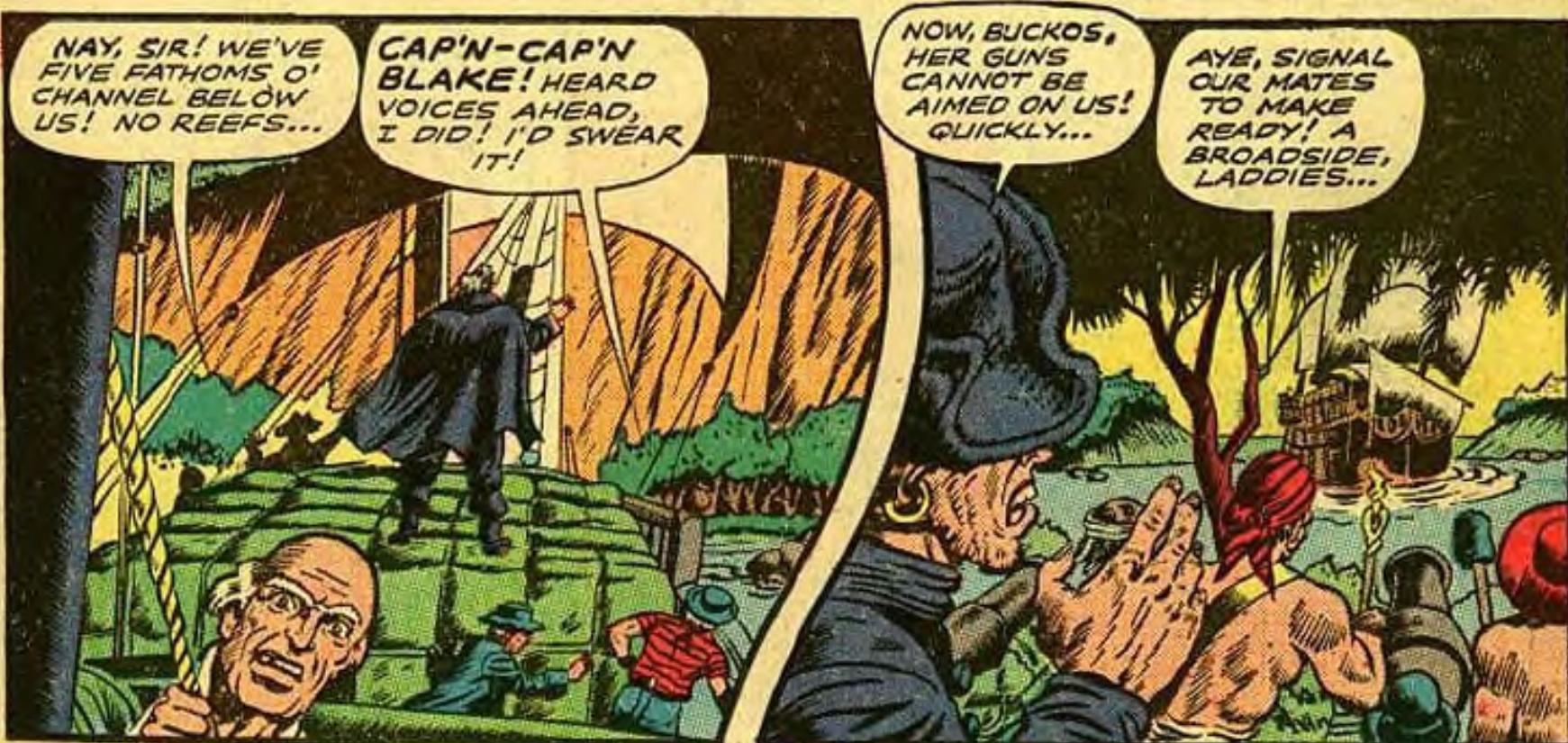
BY WILLIS RENSIE

YOU HAVE SEEN THIS CONTRAPTION LOWERED, SIRS, AND SEVEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED...

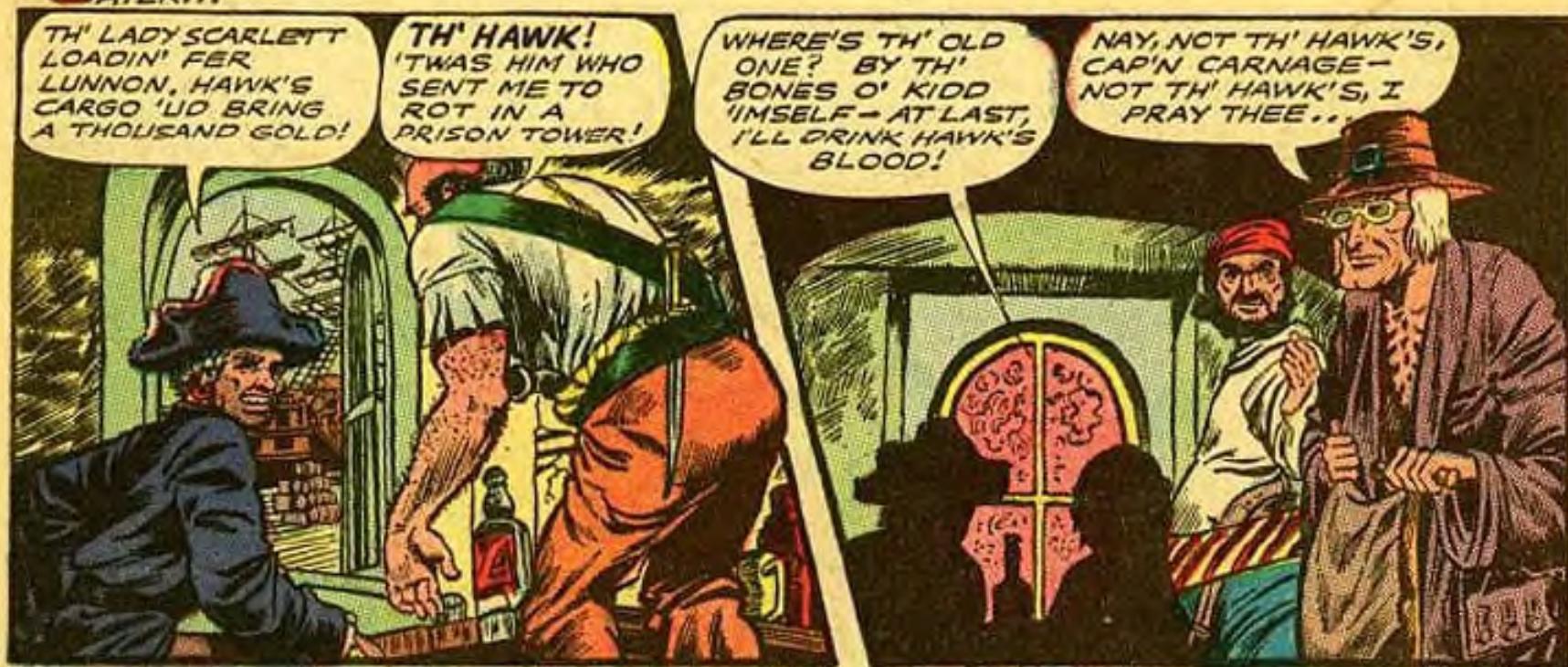
BLIMEY, YE'VE DONE MURDER! LOOK YONDER - TH' POOR DEVIL'S CORPSE BEIN' RAISED FROM TH' TANK...



JAS CAPTAIN HAWK HEADED BACK TO THE LADY SCARLETT'S MOORING AT WEYMOUTH, A CARGO-LADEN MERCHANT CRAFT TURNED FROM HER COURSE, FAR AHEAD ON THE SEA ROUTE TO LONDON...



LATER...



BLIMEY!-
A MAP O'
BURIED
TREASURE!

ON TH' ROUTE
TO LUNNON,
VELVET! TO
TH' SHIP-
LET'S RUN!

CAP'N-
CAP'N
HAWK!

WELL, NOW-
TIS TIME YE
POPPED ABOARD!
CAST OFF, LAOS-
WE'RE PUTTIN'
TO SEA!

BUT, SKIPPER-
THIS MAP! IT
SHOWS BURIED
TREASURE!

METHUSALAH'S
BONES! CALEB,
MATE, CAST AN
EYE HERE!
WOULD YE BE
FOR INVESTI-
GATIN'?



WELL, SIR, WE'VE TH' NEW-
FANGLED GADGET WOT'S
TO BE EXHIBITED FOR TH'
KING. STILL, THIS COVE IS
BUT A DAY OFF OUR COURSE,
AND...

SKIPPER,
THERE'LL BE
DOUBLOONS
AN' GOLD
AN'- OH!
WE WILL
DIG FER
'EM, WON'T
WE?

ON THE
MEANWHILE...



TH' BLIND FOOL'S
SERVED 'IS PUR-
POSE, BUCKOS!
LET 'IM LIE AMONG
'IS MAPS!

AYE, CAP'N
CARNAGE!
THEIR MAKER
THOUGHT US
MAD WANTIN'
'EM ALL
ALIKE!

HAWK'LL COME
TO OUR TRAP
RIGHT ENOUGH!
'E'D NOT PASS
BY A WEALTH
O' PIRATE
SOVEREIGNS,
EH?

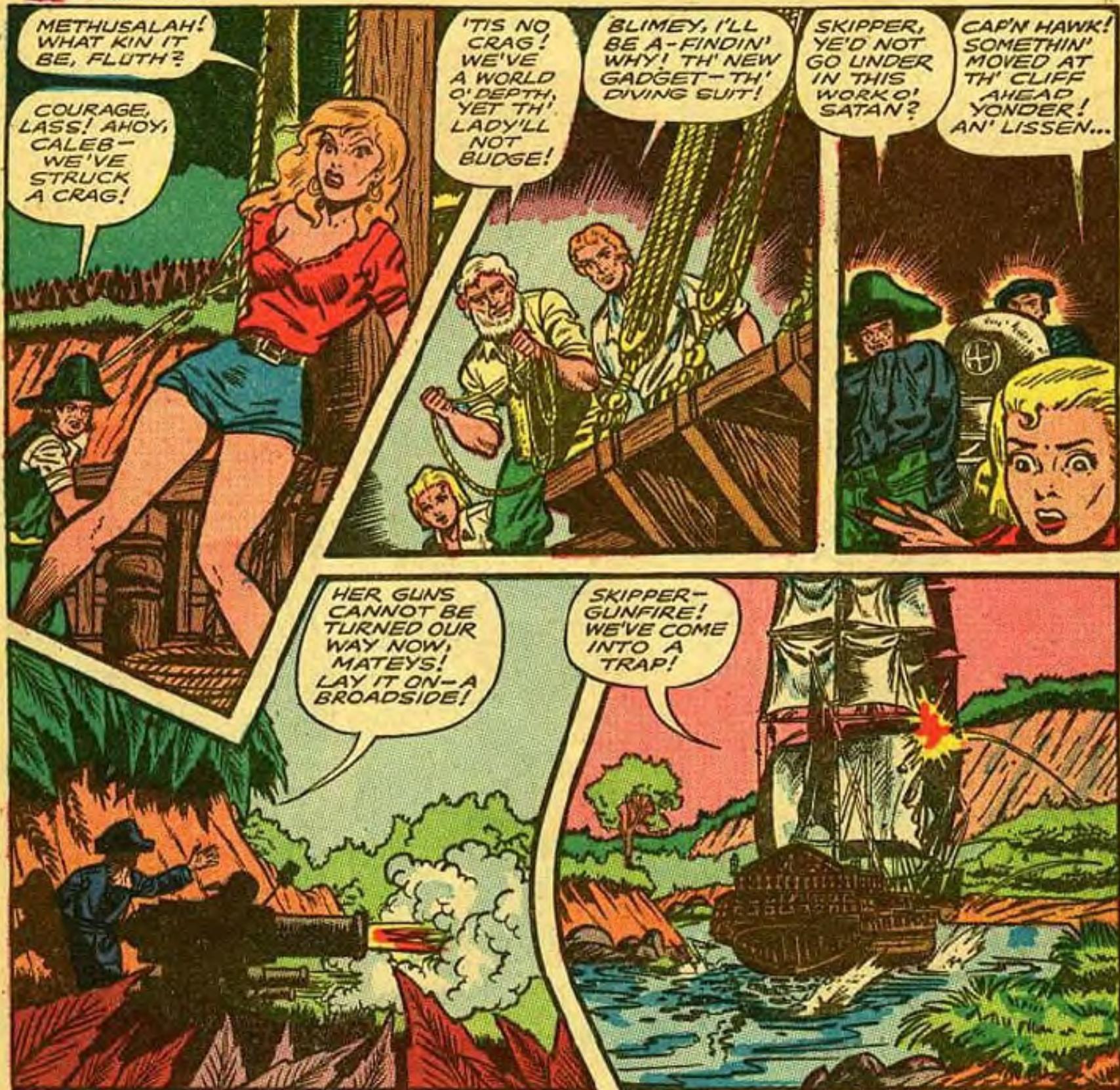
NAY, TH' FOOL!
'IS CARGO'LL
LINE OUR
POCKETS AN'
HIS BLOOD'LL
LINE OUR
GULLETS!

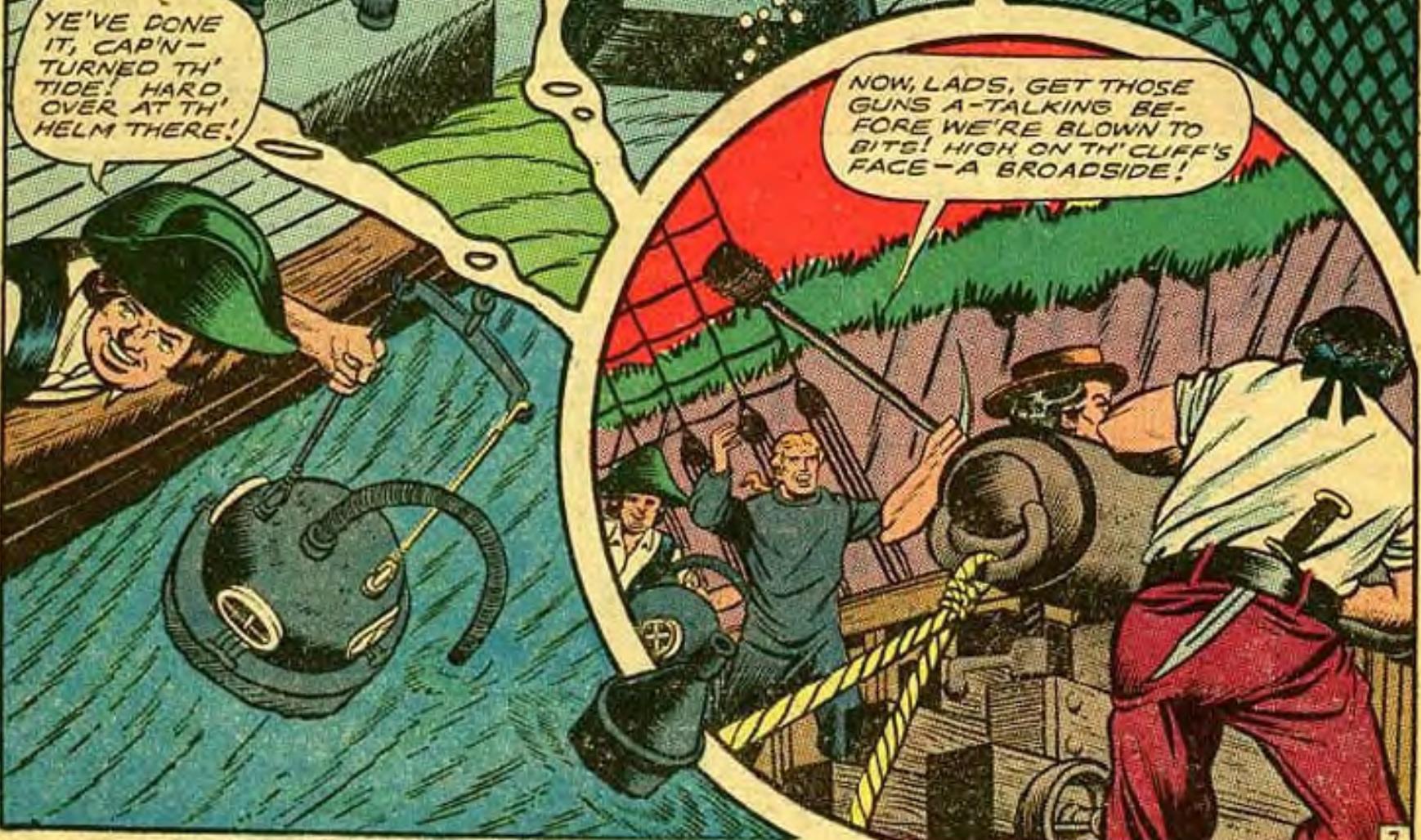


LATER...



AS ABOVE...





BY KIDD'S BONES!
SHE'S SLIPPED
FROM OUR TRAP!
HAS 'ER GUNS ON
US, SHE DOES!

THEY'RE AIMIN'
HIGH - CAST AN
EYE YONDER!
AVAST-AVAST!

TH' HAWK'S
COUNTIN' ON
AN AVALANCHE!

AS...

SKIPPER! TH'
SCARLETT'S
FLOATED FREE!

WE'RE BOARDIN'
ALL TH' SAME!
QUICK, A-FORE
WE'RE FISH IN
A BARREL FER
HER CANNON!

YON'S TH'
HAWK-
CURSE IS
MANGY
HIDE!

AHOY,
ALL
ABOARD!
ARM
YER-
SELVES!

I SWORE I'D
GET YE FER
SENDIN' ME
TO PRISON,
HAWK!

CARNAGE!
SO 'TWAS
YOUR TRAP -
YOUR MAP
THAT BROUGHT
ME HERE!

AYE, AN' NOW
I'LL -A-R-G-H!

YOUR TONGUE IS
NIMBLE, BUT YOUR
SWORD IS NOT!
CALEB! ROUND UP
THE OTHERS!

THE REST ARE
PRISONERS, CAP'N.
BUT THOSE OTHERS -
BURIED IN TH'
AVALANCHE, 'TIS
HORRIBLE...

WHAT THEY ASKED
FOR, VELVET. ME-
THINKS NOW TH'
TREASURE MAP
TELLS ONLY OF
TH' PIRATES'
GRAVE.

ADVENTURES OF THE HAWK
EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!

ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE



"MEMPHIS' MILLER HAD DOPED OUT A REALLY SWEET PITCH: TELLING FORTUNES- (AND MAKING ONE FOR HIMSELF ON THE SIDE!) BUT THEN ONE MORNING SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH STARTED HIM FIGURING. HE GOT TO THINKING: MAYBE HE WAS MAKING HIS PILE THE HARD WAY..."

HOW DOES THE SUCKER-LIST READ TODAY, 'MEMPHIS'?

WELL, LET'S SEE... ABOT... ADAMS... BAKER- WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?

...CHADWICK! NANCY CHADWICK! SAY, HOW'D YOU TWO LIKE TO RETIRE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES? NOW, LISTEN- I JUST THOUGHT OF A SCHEME THAT CAN'T MISS!

AS... THE FABULOUS CHADWICK GEMS ARE INSURED BY US FOR MORE THAN A MILLION, ZX! BUT THE HEIRESS- NANCY CHADWICK- IS A COMPLETE SCATTERBRAIN! WE'LL OFFER YOU THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE JEWELS!

THREE HUNDRED A WEEK! BROTHER, YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A BOY!



LATER...

AH! THAT'S THE CHADWICK GIRL! NOW TAKE A GOOD GANDER, ROCKY - YOU'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE HER LATER!

DON'T YOU NEVER WORRY, BOSS. HOW COULD I EVER FORGET A LOVELY TOMATO LIKE HER?

THEN COME ON, IT'S OUR TURN TO SET TH' STAGE WHILE ZENDA SELLS HER A BILL OF GOODS!

...THEES STRANGER EEN YOUR LIFE! HE WEEL BE TALL! - VERY HANDSOME, WEETH A SMALL BLACK MUSTACHE!.. BUT MOS' OF ALL -THEES STRANGER WILL HAVE ZEE COURAGE OF A LION!



SOON...

OH-PSHAW! WHY DID I LISTEN TO THAT SILLY GYPSY? -A DARK, HANDSOME STRANGER! - HOW FOOLISH!

WAIT A MINUTE! I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!

CRASH MY CAR, WILL YA? WHY, I'LL...



THE FIRST THING YOU'LL DO IS HAVE A LESSON IN MANNERS! - THERE!

...IT'S A SHAME YOU COULDN'T BE SPARED THIS UNPLEASANTNESS, YOUNG LADY! AND YOUR CAR'S RUINED! MAY I OFFER YOU A LIFT HOME IN MINE?

WHY...WHY. HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU! YES, THANK'S SO MUCH!



TALL...! BLACK MUSTACHE! BRAVE AS A LION! - IT IS! IT'S THE STRANGER!

MEANWHILE, I HAD HUSTLED ON TO THE CHADWICK PLACE... IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO JIMMY A WINDOW AND MAKE SURE THE GEMS WERE STILL SAFE AND SOUND... THEN...

... THE THING THAT'S SO ROMANTIC ABOUT IT IS THAT THE GYPSY HAD TOLD ME I'D MEET YOU - AND THEN, BEFORE I KNEW - THERE YOU WERE!

WHAT D'YA THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOUNG FELLA? THIS HERE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY - WE GOT NO USE FOR PROWLERS!

HEY - VOICES - GOTTA SCRAM!

THAT PROWLER! HE'S SPYING ON MISS NANCY.

AS POP USED TO SAY - "THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU!" - BUT THAT GUY'S LEAVING. AN' I'VE GOT TO TAIL HIM!

LATER...

... GET THIS STRAIGHT, ROCKY! SOME GUY'S BEEN TAILIN' ME - PROBABLY A PRIVATE EYE... I'M GONNA LEAD HIM OVER THE CITY BRIDGE - THEN TH' REST IS UP TO YOU.

SOON...

AHH - THERE'S TH' SHAMUS NOW!

I MUST BE FOLLOWING A FUGITIVE FROM A WALK-A-THON! HE'S BEEN HIKING NOW FOR ALMOST AN HOUR!

LAST STOP, SUCKER! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

OHH!

"MEMPHIS FIGURED HE'D PLANTED ME IN A
WATERY GRAVE! BUT MY LUCK HELD GOOD, FOR..."



"HOURS LATER—WHILE I WAS STILL OUT COLD ON THE BARGE—TWO SHADY FIGURES WERE APPLYING A 'JIMMY' TO THE WINDOW OF NANCY CHADWICK'S LIBRARY—AS..."

"MORE PROWLERS, EH? WELL, YOU TWO WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME LIKE THAT OTHER FELLA' DID, THIS AFTERNOON!"



Soon, at Madame Zenda's...

RIGHT ABOUT THEN, I CAME TO WITH BOILER FACTORY NOISES BANGING UNDER MY SKULL...

O-OOH! WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHAT THE... A BARGE!

HEY! THAT HUMMING SOUND! NOW I REMEMBER!—NANCY CHADWICK AND THE JEWELS!—I BETTER GET A MOVE ON...

HOLD YOUR BREATH, TEAM! IN A SECOND YOU'RE GONNA SEE ENOUGH SPARKLING "ICE" TO KEEP US ALL ON EASY STREET!

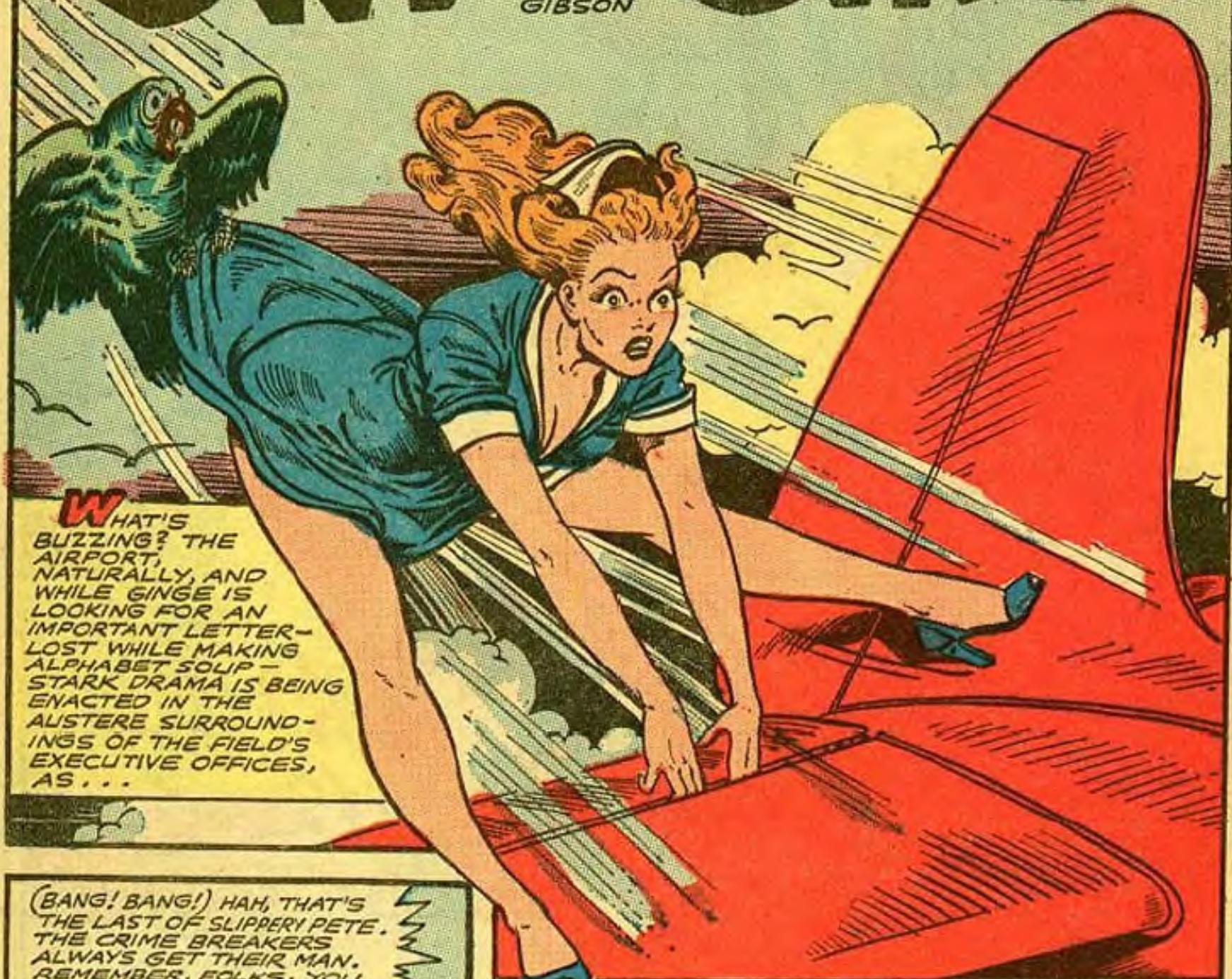
HURRY UP, 'MEMPHIS'! THEES SUSPENSE EES KILLING ME!





SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON



WHAT'S BUZZING? THE AIRPORT, NATURALLY, AND WHILE GINGE IS LOOKING FOR AN IMPORTANT LETTER—LOST WHILE MAKING ALPHABET SOUP—STARK DRAMA IS BEING ENACTED IN THE AUSTERE SURROUNDINGS OF THE FIELD'S EXECUTIVE OFFICES, AS...

(BANG! BANG!) HAH, THAT'S THE LAST OF SLIPPERY PETE. THE CRIME BREAKERS ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN. REMEMBER, FOLKS, YOU CAN'T WIN—EVER! AND I DO MEAN YOU AND YOU AND...

OH, Y-YES, MR. MEEK—THIS PACKAGE...ER, IT'S ADDRESSED TO MISS MAGUIRE.

WHAT!! YOU MEAN A PACKAGE FOR THAT PACKAGE?

GET IT OUT OF HERE! WHAT DOES SHE THINK THIS OFFICE IS—A BOX-OFFICE? AND ANOTHER THING...

Y-YES, MR. MEEK...



S...

OH, TOO BAD! OLD UNKY TAR MAGUIRE DIED. LEAVING ME - WHAT? A LOT OF GREEN - THAT TALKS... SAY!

GREEN? TALKS? MONEY TALKS! YIPPEE! I'M RICH!

MY GOOD MAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU? REAHLLY!

SQUAWK! BANG! BANG! SLIPPERY PETE IS DEAD!

ER, MR. MEEK CALLS ME - HEY, YOU. BUT I'LL BE JUST YOU TO YOU. YOUR PACKAGE, MISS MAGUIRE.

EEK! HE MUST BE A CRIME BREAKERS FAN! OH, MERCY. WHAT WILL MR. MEEK SAY?

OH, GOLLY! A POLLY!



WHILE...

HOW DID THE CRIME BREAKERS PROGRAM END, SIR? DID SLIPPERY PETE GET THE SILVER SHIPMENT? OR...

SILVER SHIPMENT! OH, I ALMOST FORGOT!

CAREFUL, SIR - YOUR APOPLEXY!

THERE'S A SILVER SHIPMENT GOING TO THE MINT AND IT'S DUE ON THE FIELD NOW!



AS...

SQUAWK! LISTEN, YOU MUG, SLIPPERY MEEK IS TALKING, SEE? WE'RE GONNA KNOCK OFF THAT SILVER SHIPMENT, AN' HERE'S THE WAY WE'LL DO IT...

HEY, JOE! ISN'T THAT SILVER TRANSPORT COMING IN NOW?

FELLAS, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! SLIPPERY MEEK - I - I MEAN, MR. MEEK IS NOT SO MEEK! HE'S A CROOK IN AIRPORT MANAGER'S CLOTHING - HE'S GONNA KNOCK OFF THE SILVER TRANSPORT!



MEANWHILE...

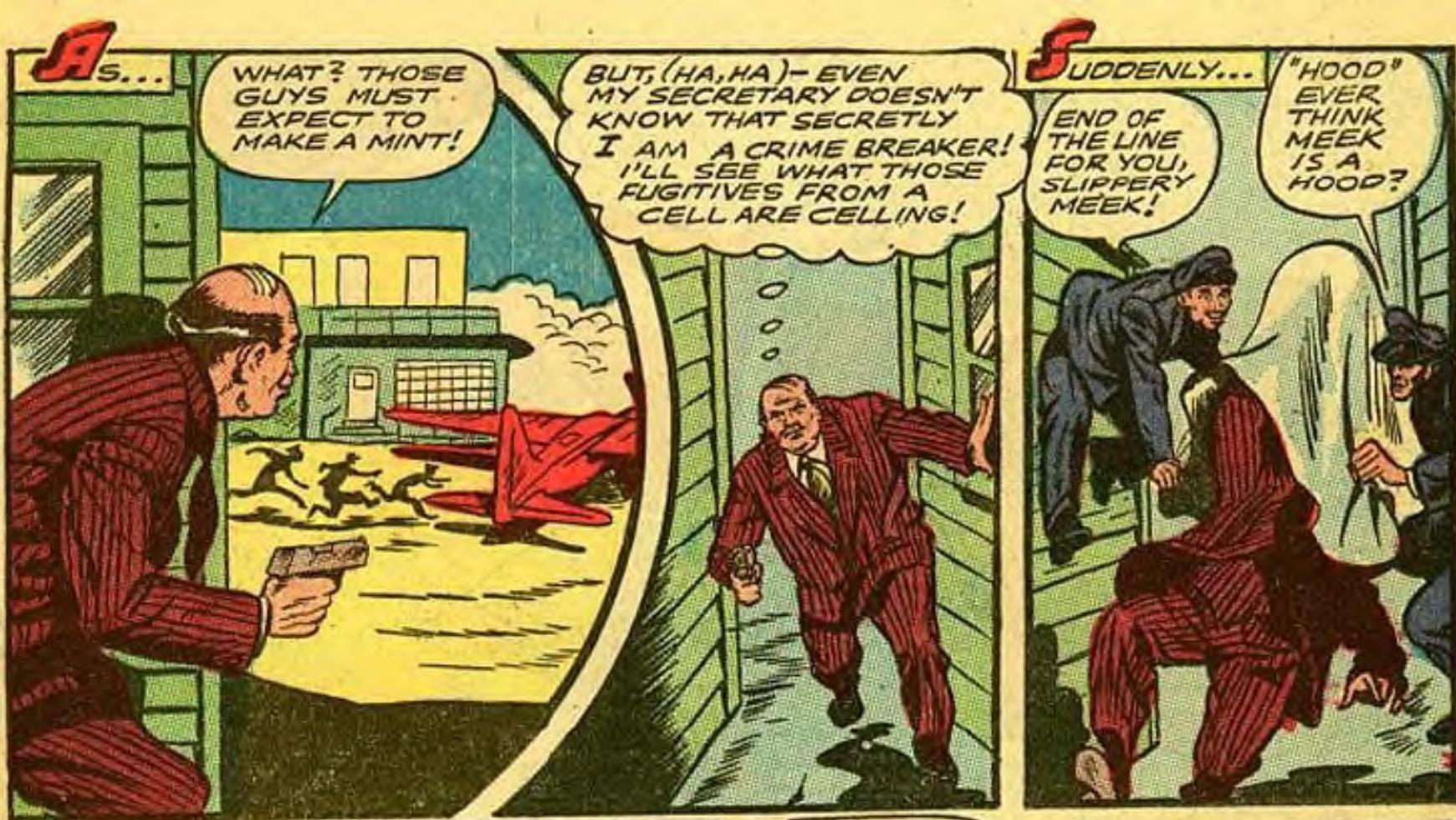
HERE IT COMES, BIFFER!

EASY, YOUSE MUGS! WAIT'LL IT LANDS.

MY FINGERS'RE ITCHIN' FER THAT SILVER!

COME ON - BEFORE THEY GET OUT.

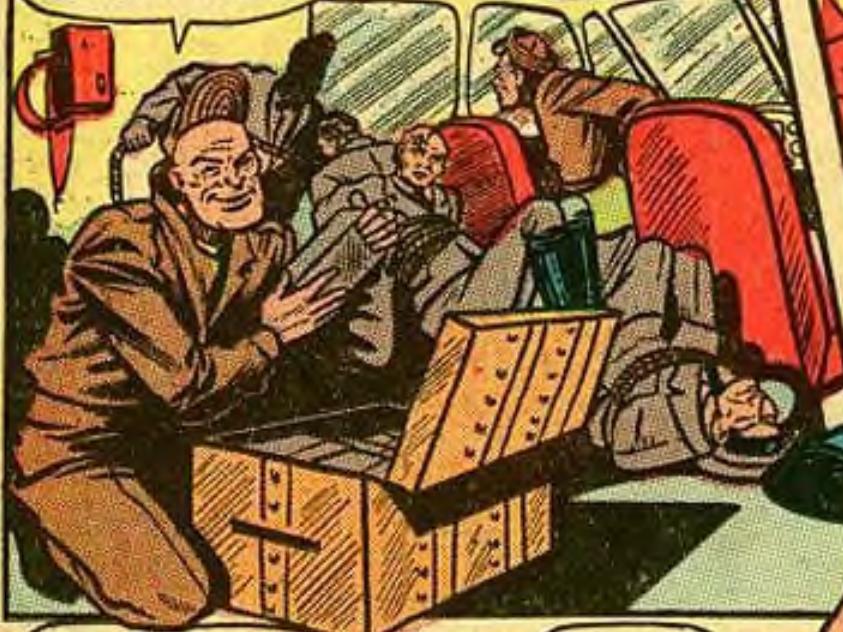




TCH, TCH! ALL THIS BECUZ WE POSED AS FIELD GREASE-MONKEYS, AN' DEY GOT DUH NOIVE T'SAY GRIME DOESN'T PAY!

HEY, BIFFER, PIPE THE WENCH RUNNIN' TO TH' HATCH!

CALL 'ER IN! I'LL SETTLE HER 'HATCH' RIGHT NOW!



OH, GIVIN'
ME TH'
BOID, EH?

YOU BETCHA, BIFFER.
NOW TO UNDO MY
UNDOING!

OUCH! THIS HURTS
ME MORE THAN IT
DOES YOU, BIFF,
OLD SOCK!

BINGO! I HOPE
YOU BOYS DON'T
GET 'HEADY' OVER
THIS! OOPS! WE'RE
DIVING....

LOOK OUT—
OR I'LL HAVE
NO CONTROL
OVER THE
CONTROLS!

AS BELOW...

I GUESS
THEY'LL BE
ALL BROKEN
UP OVER
THIS, EH,
OFFICER?

WHO
"NOSE"?

JIGGERS,
GINGE! TH'
COPS! AND
HERE COMES
SLIPPERY
MEEK!

OUCH!

SO YOU'RE
THE ONE!
SLIPPERY
MEEK, IS IT?
WHERE IN-?

(POW!) DOWN
WENT SLIPPERY
PETE! CRIME
BREAKERS
ALWAYS GET
THEIR MAN!

I SEE IT ALL NOW!
IT WAS ALL A
MISTAKE—THE
BIRD'S A CRIME
BREAKER FAN—
THAT GIRL'S A
HEROINE!

SQUAWK!
YOU'RE A
HEROINE!

SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE
JUMBO Comics!

KING OF THE PIRATES

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

WHILE the Puritans and Pilgrims were contending with the rigors of nature and the problems of a new colony on the coast of Massachusetts, the waters of the West Indies far to the south of them became infested with bands of pirates, who, from having in many cases been engaged in making and selling smoked beef or "boucan" from the wild cattle there, got the name of buccaneers. They drew to their yellow flag rifraff from the "Seven Seas" and the four quarters of the earth, and among this company was a young Welshman named Henry Morgan, who had run away from his home as a boy. His headlong fearlessness had made him second in command to the leader, Mansvelt, when, in 1667, that bold Dutchman was planning to "carve out a buccaneer republic" from the rich lands still held in Spain's loosening grip.

Mansvelt died. Morgan, after sacking Puerto Principe in Cuba, found himself, by virtue of his strength and ferocity, the leader of a wild band numbering about four hundred and fifty of the very scum of the earth.

With the help of the English Governor of Jamaica, who contributed a fine warship from New England, the *Oxford*, Morgan made ready for a descent upon the Spanish settlements in Venezuela. A French vessel, the *Flying Stag*, came along and he captured her by strategy without firing a gun. Sailing with fifteen ships and eight hundred men, half his force broke away on the high seas, but Morgan pressed on with the other half, captured the town of Gibraltar with great booty, and entered the strait leading to the lake and city of Maracaibo. He presently found his fleet "bottled up" by a strong fort and by three Spanish men-of-war mounting nearly a hundred guns between them. Morgan built a fire-ship, crammed with powder, brimstone, and tar, and showing guns and figures of men, made of logs; with this in the lead, he bore down upon the Spaniards, who, believing the fire-vessel to be the pirate flag-

ship, waited till they could sink it with one broadside. Before they woke up, the dangerous craft was fast to their galleon. It burst into flames, the venturesome crew leaped overboard, and while the Spaniards were fighting the fire, Morgan sailed up and annihilated them.

His first attack on the fort failed; anchoring in sight, he went through the pretense of landing a force for a shore attack; the garrison at once set to work and laboriously shifted their cannon to that side to cover the expected assault. The wily pirate drifted down with his ships that night, undiscovered till he was close to the walls; before the heavy guns of the fort could be moved back to bear on him, he was safely past and bound for the high seas.

Emboldened by his successes, the buccaneer now decided to carry out his boast of bearding De Guzman in his own capital of Panama. His fame brought a swarm of daredevils to his flag from every town of the Spanish Main; several ships from New England joined him; the flag-ship (the same *Flying Stag* which Morgan had captured from the French) was furnished by the Governor of Jamaica and flew the English flag, while Morgan's colors were a red banner with a white cross, and a bow flag of red, white, and blue; it was by far the largest and most nearly lawful expedition he had commanded, there being over two thousand men on the thirty-seven vessels.

They captured the fortifications at St. Catherine's Island, and stormed the redoubtable castle of St. Lawrence that commanded the mouth of the Chagres River, along which their route lay; this mountain fort was impregnable on the waterside, but the pirates hewed a path through the tangled woods with their cutlasses, crawled across the open on their hands and knees in the face of a terrific fire from cannon and sharpshooters, and strove desperately all day to carry the pali-

sades at the top. The leader, Bradley, with both legs broken, still urged on the assault; that night another party attempted a surprise: one, a Frenchman, received an Indian arrow in the shoulder; dragging it from his flesh, he wrapped some lint around it and fired it from his musket; it struck a dry roof, and in a moment the building was ablaze; in spite of a desperate resistance, the fort was taken and the garrison killed, a score of prisoners and wounded only being left out of three hundred and fifty Spaniards.

For physical hardihood these buccaneers were veritable Berserkers: one wounded man, when the surgeon hesitated, because of the dreadful agony, to remove an arrow from his eye, tore it out himself, tied a rag around his head, and rushed into the fight once more. They left two hundred of their number dead, and several ships were wrecked in the harbor through carelessness.

Nothing daunted, Morgan set out with thirteen hundred followers for the march across the Isthmus, some in boats, some on the shore. But for the sordid motives, that feat would be an epic worthy of a great poet. Their provisions gave out before they were well started, till, ravenous with hunger, they soaked and cooked old leather bags they found, cutting them into pieces small enough to swallow; they eagerly devoured the cats and dogs they killed in the deserted streets of Cruz; they slept on the wet ground; their clothing speedily became rags and tatters; they were ambushed by Indians. Still Morgan held them together and drove them forward by his fiery will. After ten days of this they repeated the experience of Balboa: gaining the summit of a mountain, still called Buccaneers' Hill, they saw the shining waters of the Pacific, and knew they were drawing near their quarry.

The ragged, starved pirates forgot their miseries. Hastening down the slopes they came upon great herds of cattle and feasted upon the half-cooked flesh like savages. That evening their eager eyes beheld the steeples of the capital in the distance.

Panama was a city of thirty thousand, the rendezvous of the Spanish treasure-fleets. "the strongest, richest, most magnificent city in the New World." The buccaneers found themselves next morning facing an army five times their size, half of them seasoned Spanish cav-

alry and foot-soldiers, while back of this array frowned the big guns of the city forts. The invaders began to waver at the prospect. To add to their dismay, the enemy had an extraordinary contingent of two hundred fierce bulls, who bellowed and pawed the earth and could hardly be held by the negroes and Indians who managed them.

Morgan braced them with a burst of flaming confidence, and when their courage was somewhat revived, he reminded them they had only two choices: to defeat the Spanish or to die. With two hundred sharpshooters in advance, he led them down the slope in three battalions.

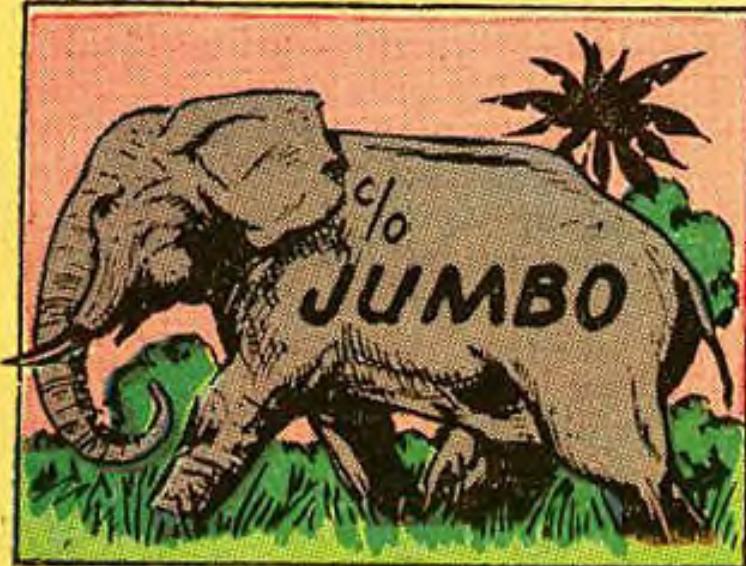
The Spanish cavalry charged, but they were adroitly decoyed into marshy ground and while in confusion were riddled by the marksmen. As the main forces engaged, the bulls were turned loose. But the invaders knew something of cattle stampedes: they actually turned the animals, headed them back for the Spanish infantry, and charged behind the flying hoofs, which swept dismay and destruction through the ranks of their owners. The Spanish line was broken, the army fled in disorder.

Calling his men from the slaughter, Morgan hastened to get between the scattered remnants and the city; the defenses were stormed; the streets were cleared in hand-to-hand fighting; when the sun went down, Morgan was master of Panama.

For four weeks he had his will of the place. Then, having suppressed one or two mutinies with a stern hand, he marched out, leaving behind a ruined city, and bearing a booty of two million dollars in gold, besides silks, arms merchandise—everything that could be transported. The leader returned to Jamaica, settled down as a capitalist, was knighted by Charles II, and was for a time acting Governor of the Island. But his just reward overtook him, and when the King died, he was thrown into prison, where he probably ended his days.

If ever there was a case of the misuse of superb qualities of manhood, it was that of Henry Morgan. And in spite of his crimes, his savage cruelty, no one who reads the story of his Homeric march against Panama can doubt his claim to a place among the bravest fighting leaders.

— THE END —



Dear Editor,
Fort Wayne, Indiana

In my humble opinion, SHEENA is not only the best comic strip in existence but I believe that W. Morgan Thomas has started something of a small revolution in popular American adventure literature. Boy! Did it click!

Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated on starting a new idea. The old "masterful" male heroes and their passive women become extremely boring—especially to a man. Because, speaking off the record, who cares about some big overgrown lug when they can follow the adventures of a beautiful girl like SHEENA?

As for the other characters in your book, this is the way they appear to me:

SKY GIRL—Good. Very well drawn, but keep her down on the ground more.

THE HAWK—Good.

STUART TAYLOR—Lousy. That fantastic stuff about time machines doesn't appeal to me.

Others—Just taking up space that SHEENA could use to a better advantage.

Sincerely,
A SHEENA Fan

Dear Mr. Thomas,
Independence, Mo.

A group of girls in my neighborhood have formed a "SHEENA" club and would like to know if you could draw us a picture of her from which a celluloid button could be made. This button would be worn by every member of the club.

We sincerely hope you will find it possible to make such a drawing and grant us the privilege of using it so that we may continue to advance our interest in SHEENA.

Very truly yours,
Mary Ann Rice

Sheena, Bob, and I appreciate your interest. Mary, and we are replying to you direct—W. Morgan Thomas.

Dear Sirs,
Westminster, Colo.

Just a note to try and tell you how much I enjoy your fine book. I find it more enjoyable every issue. My friends all hold it a favorite as I do. I also enjoy your other comics. Keep up the good work.

Josephine Fleming

Dear Editor,
Shawnee, Okla.

I hope you print this. I think your comic book is awful. It is the worst out. The art, story, and color are all corny. Why not call it Junko?

Sincerely,
Jimmy Ailey

Dear Sir,
Staten Island, N. Y.

Your comic book is swell! My favorite is SHEENA as I like all pretty girl stories. As for THE HAWK, he's swell too. I like to read the letters you get. I can't say much for ZX-5—he stinks. SKY GIRL is hubba-hubba! STUART TAYLOR helps me in history. Second best in your book is THE GHOST GALLERY.

Billy Core

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Editor,

The next time STUART TAYLOR gets in a tight spot leave him there, don't go sending any female to help him out. As for ZX-5, the next time he meets a gang of crooks I hope he gets bumped off.

"Wee Willy" Wilson

Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Davis,

If you are the one who also draws the pictures for your strip, STUART TAYLOR, I wish you would do me a favor and have Laura's hair-do changed. The present one makes her look like an old lady while the other girls in the strip are all very beautiful. How about bangs and a page boy, or a feather cut? Thank you. I think that otherwise, the stories and art are very good. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,

Louise Salkey

I write the story, but usually leave hair styles up to the artist who draws my strip, Mary. However, I'll pass along your suggestion.—Curt Davis.

The Plains, Ohio

Dear Editor,

I think Mimi Luscano is right about STUART TAYLOR. I feel you ought to kick him out. THE HAWK, ZX-5, and THE GHOST GALLERY are no good either. I think Mr. Thomas ought to make SHEENA a longer story; it's the best story in the book.

Yours for a better book,
Libby Lou Moore

White Salmon, Wash.

Dear Sirs,

These two things spoil your book: 1) The short story and 2) STU (pid) TAYLOR. The rest of the book is swell, but the feature I like best is GHOST GALLERY.

Yours truly,
Margie Palermo

Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Editor,

Why waste paper on SKY GIRL, THE HAWK, and above all, ZX-5? Why not divide the comic with just SHEENA, GHOST GALLERY, and STU TAYLOR? Tell those drippy people who don't like STU that they just don't have any imagination. Tell Curt Davis to stay on the job.

Sincerely,
A STU TAYLOR fan,
John Williams

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editor,

Who does this Russel Hicks think he is, signing himself President of the SHEENA fan club number one? Just how old is his club anyway? I know of two clubs in my neighborhood that have made SHEENA their mascot. She's been my gang's girl for more than five years. We decorate the walls of our club house with covers from your book, and also pictures clippings from each installment. And we've never missed an issue in over five years. There, Mr. Russel Hicks, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

A red hot SHEENA fan,
Morris Seigel

Bangor, Maine

Dear Editor,

I enjoy roaming the jungle with SHEENA, and zipping around in STU TAYLOR'S time machine. I get into every mess with SKY GIRL and go all goose-pimply with GHOST GALLERY. I enjoy swishing ZX-5's magic cane as I strut along Main Street. But best of all, I like to chase the Jolly Roger in the good ship Lady Scarlett.

Without a doubt, THE HAWK is the best story I ever read. Sure, I've read Treasure Island and all the others, but for pure adventure, mystery and good pictures, give me THE HAWK. Why—I dare anyone to name a girl as pretty as Velvet. It just can't be done.

That Jeremy is the luckiest kid I know of to be able to sail with THE HAWK. I wish I could be him.

Pete Ross

Well, readers, that's all that space will allow. This is YOUR department in YOUR magazine. Let's have YOUR views. If you had your choice, what character would you rather go along with? SHEENA? THE HAWK? Or perhaps get in a "jam" session with SKY GIRL. What would you do if you were editor?

The Editor

Stuart TAYLOR in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



"RIGHT THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW, FOLKS! SEE THE SIAMESE TWINS AND THE TATTOOED LADY! SEE KONGO, THE MAN OF MUSCLE, PERFORM AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH!" - NATURALLY, STU AND LAURA TAKE IN THE FUN. SO DOES DOC HAYWARD. BUT WHO HAS HE BROUGHT WITH HIM?

MEET MY TWO NEPHEWS, STU - TIMMY AND BOBBY. I'VE BOUGHT THEM A BOW AND ARROW, A SLINGSHOT - EVEN A PET MONKEY. STILL THEY AREN'T SATISFIED.

I WISH YOU AND LAURA WOULD SHOW THEM AROUND FOR ME. AFRAID I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR ALL THIS.

SURE, DOC. COME ON, YOU BRA... ER... KIDS, HOW ABOUT THE STRONG MAN?

NAW! I'LL BET HE'S JUST A BIG SISSY, A BIG DRIP AND A SQUARE FROM NOWHERE!

HMM... YOU KNOW, LAURA, MY PET, I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE GOING TO NEED A LITTLE STRENGTH OURSELVES BEFORE LONG.

The STRONG MAN



SOON...

YA SEE?
HE'S JUST
A SAD SACK
FROM WAY
BACK!

HMM, WE'RE BATTING
ZERO, LAURA. HERE
COMES DOC. FLASH
HIM AN URGENT SOS.

SAY, DAD, THE
LOCAL MUSCLE
BOY ISN'T GOOD
ENOUGH FOR THE
KIDS. HOW ABOUT
BRINGING SOME
REAL HEFTY FROM
THE PAST WITH
YOUR TIME
MACHINE?

NOW WE'RE COOKING
WITH BRAINS. BUT
WHO'LL WE GET THAT
CAN REALLY MAKE
WITH THE BICEPS?

WAIT! I
HAVE AN
IDEA...



...WE'LL GET TWO OF THE
STRONGEST MEN OF ALL
TIME AND MATCH THEM
AGAINST EACH OTHER. NOW,
LAURA, I'LL SEND YOU BACK
TO BRING THE FIRST. READY?



SURE.

I DON'T
LIKE
DAMES!

BUZZ OF THE TIME
MACHINE, THE CENTURIES
TURN HANDSPRINGS, AND
LAURA IS OFF TO A FLYING
START...



OUCH! I'M
BEGINNING
TO GET THE
POINT OF
ALL THIS!

AND SUDDENLY IT'S
3000 B.C., IN ANCIENT
GREECE...

OHHH! WHY
DOESN'T DAD
OIL THE TIME
MACHINE?
BUT...THAT
ROAR!



NOW, NOW- NICE
KITTY! I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN KIND TO DUMB
ANIMALS, SO RETURN
THE FAVOR, LEO. BUT
SAY! WHAT'S HOLDING
YOU BACK?



WOW! AM I GLAD
YOU CAME INTO THE
"TAIL"! BUT MAYBE
I'M NEXT! TELL ME,
BIG BOY- WHO ARE
YOU?



WHAT AN INTRO-
DUCTION! BUT WHY
THE ROUGH STUFF,
CHESTY?

SO UNTO ALL MEN WHO DARE
CHALLENGE GOLIATH TO
COMBAT! BUT... IS THIS YET
ANOTHER WHO COMES TO
BATTLE ME?

AYE-'TIS DAVID
WHO WILL FIGHT THE
GIANT GOLIATH!

HO! THEN THOU
ALSO WILL
KNOW THE
POWER OF
MY CUDGEL!

WAIT!

LISTEN, MUSCLES, POSTPONE
YOUR BOUT WITH DAVID, RIGHT
NOW I'VE GOT SOMEONE YOUR
OWN SIZE WHO CAN SKIN THE
BEARD OFF YOU. WILL YOU
FOLLOW ME THROUGH A FEW
CENTURIES TO MEET
HIM?

A QUICK REVERSE OF THE TIME
MACHINE DIALS AND STU HAS HIS
MAN ZOOMING TOWARD THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY...

SOON...

NOW REMEMBER,
NOT TO LEAD WITH
YOUR WHISKERS, OR
YOU'LL NAB A JAB,
AND...

ADVISE ME
NOT. I WILL
WIN SURELY.

I'VE GOT
GOLIATH, DOC.
WHERE'S
LAURA AND
HER BOY?

THEY'RE
ON THEIR
WAY NOW,
STU.

WILE...

SAY- ARE YOUR HOOKS
AS GOOD AS YOUR
LOOKS, BIG BOY?

WORRY NOT,
WOMAN.
HERCULES
WILL INDEED
BE VICTOR!

SOON...

EXCELLENT,
LAURA... NOW
WE'LL SEE SOME
REALLY STRONG
MEN TACKLE
EACH OTHER.

4



WAIT! HISTORY BUMPED OFF THESE BIG BOYS IN A VERY SIMPLE WAY. WHY SHOULDN'T IT WORK NOW? QUICK, BOBBY, SLING ME YOUR SLINGSHOT!

AW, GEE, WHATTA YA WANT TO STOP THE FIGHT FOR?

SORRY, BOBBY, BUT THIS FIGHT IS ALMOST MURDER. LET'S SEE, DAVID STOPPED GOLIATH WITH A SLINGSHOT. STU IS GOING TO TRY THE SAME TRICK. SO GANGWAY, GOLIATH!



THERE! THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL WE CAN SEND HIM BACK TO DAVID. BUT WHAT'S HERCLES UP TO?

HOW DAREST THOU STOP THE BATTLE, PUNY ONE? THOU HAST CAUSED THINE OWN DOOM!

AND HE'S NOT KIDDING. TIMMY, YOUR BOW AND ARROW! HURRY!

YOU SEE, HERC; YOU MET YOUR END BY THE BOW OF POEAS, THE SHEPHERD. I DON'T TEND SHEEP, BUT I'M TENDING TO YOU... NOW!

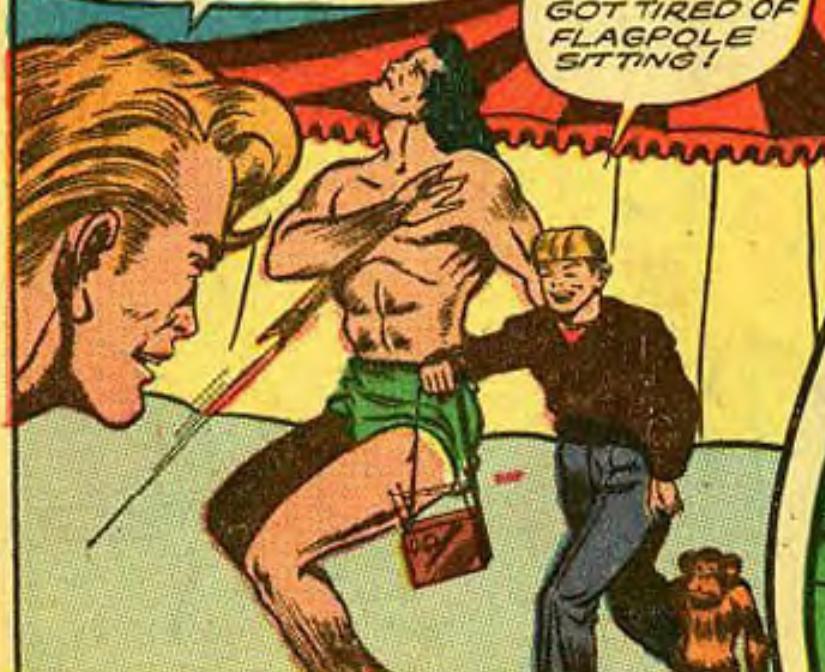


THAT DID IT! THE WOUND WILL SLOW HIM DOWN TILL WE CAN GET BACK THE TIME MACHINE, AND...

HERE IT IS, MR. TAYLOR! THE MONK GOT TIRED OF FLAGPOLE SITTING!

GOOD WORK, BOBBY, AND GOODBYE TO THESE TWO BRUISERS. THIS EXPERIMENT WAS ALMOST DISASTROUS, EH, STU?

THOU SAIDEST IT, DOC!



STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH





HE'S THE ONLY
ONE WE GOT TO
WORRY ABOUT.
SO USE YOUR
OWN JUDGMENT!

I'VE GOT
IT. SO
LONG!

SECONDS LATER...

HOW
FAST
IS HE
GOING,
DAD?

SEVENTY-
FIVE. THAT
MOTOR'S
SURE ACTIN'
LIKE A
CHARM.

SO YOUR
CARBURETOR'S
A SUCCESS,
DAD. YOU'LL
SELL THE
PATENTS!

I SURE HOPE
SO - THEN
WE'LL ALL BE
RICH. LOOK
AT HIM GO!

WHERE'S
DADDY?
I WANT
TO FIND
DADDY.

AS...

THAT'S SPUD -
I GOT TO BE
CAREFUL. HE'D
PULL ANYTHING
TO GET EVEN
FOR THAT SMACK
I GAVE 'IM!

NO CHANCE
TO CROWD HIM
YET - GOSH -
WHAT'S THAT
AHEAD ON
THE TRACK?

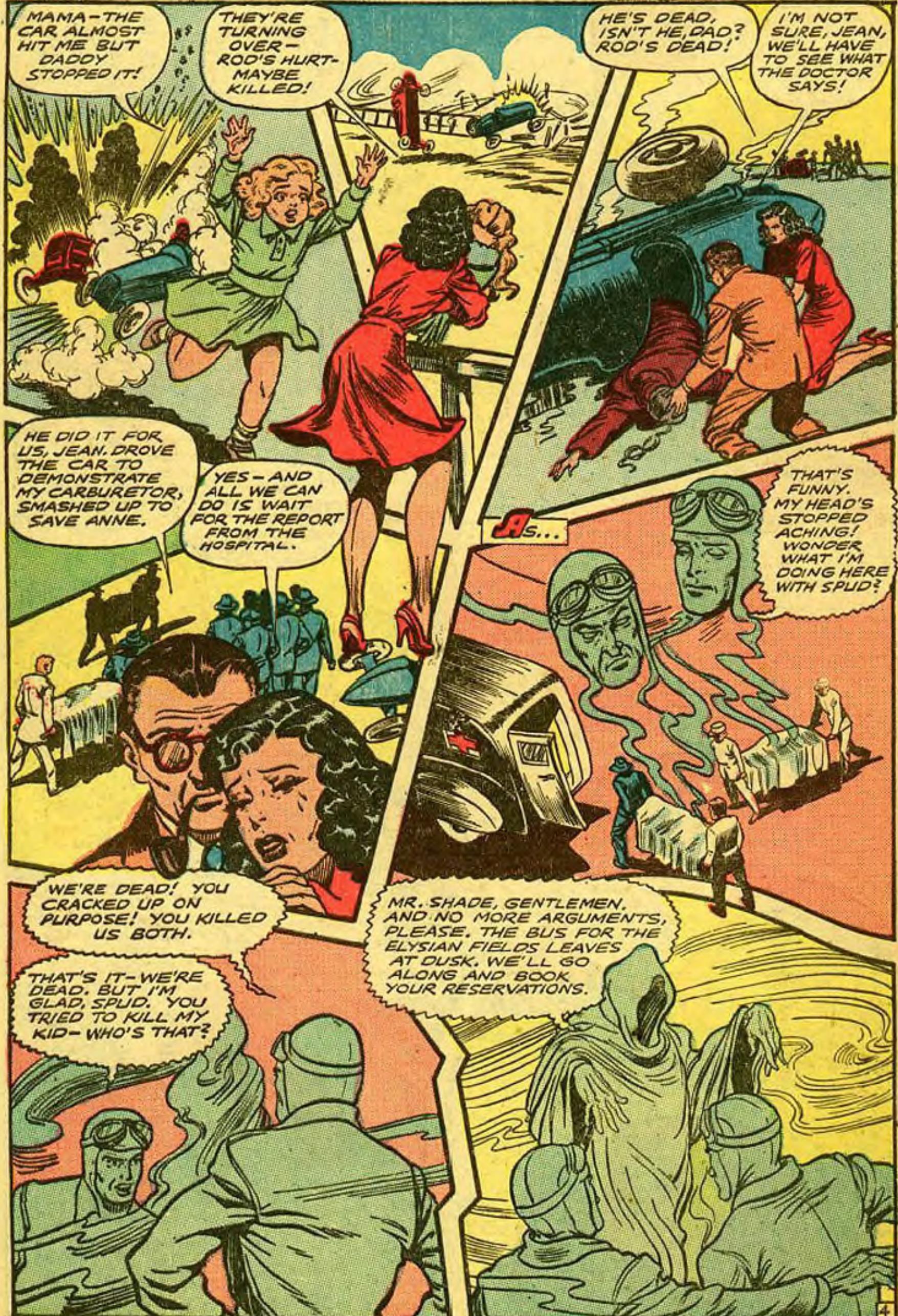
IT'S ROD'S
KID! IT AIN'T
MY FAULT IF
I SHOULD HIT
HER - NO ONE
WOULD BLAME
ME!

ANNE!
THERE'S
ANNE
AHEAD
IN OUR
PATH!

NAW... THEY'LL
CALL IT AN
ACCIDENT. HE
WON'T DRIVE
IF THE KID'S
DEAD!

SO HERE GOES -
SHE'S AS GOOD
AS DEAD ALREADY!

SMASHUP'S THE
ONLY WAY TO SAVE
HER - GOT TO
CHANCE IT!



HERE WE ARE,
GENTLEMEN. NOW
I'LL CALL THE
SCRATCHER TO CHECK
OFF YOUR
NAMES.

HEY, MR. SHADE,
THERE'S SOME
MISTAKE. I'VE
ONLY GOT ONE
VACANT SEAT
BUT YOU'VE
BROUGHT TWO
PASSENGERS.

ONE OF YOU GUYS'LL
HAVE TO GET BACK
INTO YOUR BODIES
AND KEEP ON LIVING.
WHICH ONE'LL IT BE?
SPEAK UP!

I'LL GO! I'VE GOT
A WIFE AND A BABY
TO SUPPORT. TAKE
SPUD. HE DESERVES
TO DIE. HE TRIED TO
KILL MY CHILD!

NUTS TO THAT! I
GOTTA LOT O'
DOUGH BET ON
THAT RACE AN I
WANNA ENJOY
SPENDIN' IT.

SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
BUT YOU'LL HAVE
TO SETTLE THIS
ARGUMENT YOUR-
SELVES. I'LL PICK
ONE OF YOU UP
AROUND FIVE O'
CLOCK!

HE'S GONE.
LET'S GET
BACK TO THE
TRACK. MAYBE
WE CAN
SETTLE IT
THERE.

GOOD-
LET'S
GO!

AS...
NO WORD FROM
THE HOSPITAL,
JEAN. IF ROO
LIVES OR NOT.
THIS IS THE END
OF MY DREAM.

YOU MEAN YOUR
INVENTION, DAD?
BUT THE CAR'S
UNDAMAGED—
MAYBE YOU CAN
GET ANOTHER
DRIVER.



WHILE...

NO, JEAN, EVERY DRIVER HERE AT THE TRACK HAS BEEN ENGAGED. I'LL HAVE TO WITHDRAW!

YOU WON'T, DAD! I'M GOING TO DRIVE, AND I'LL WIN, DAD, I'LL WIN!

LISSEN, NICK, YOU'RE TAKIN' SPUD'S PLACE. I GOT A LOT OF DOUGH BET ON THIS RACE, SO ANYTHING GOES TO WIN—GET IT?

YEAH, BOSS, I GET IT—I KNOW ALL THE TRICKS!

THEN USE 'EM! THERE GOES THE LINE-UP GONG—GET GOIN'!



SOON...

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO IT, JEAN. YOU'RE IN-EXPERIENCED—IT'S DANGEROUS!

DON'T WORRY, DAD. THE STARTER'S FLAG IS UP...YOU'D BETTER GET OFF THE TRACK!

THEY'RE OFF! JEAN'S THIRD—SHE GOT AWAY TO A GOOD START. OH, IF SHE CAN ONLY WIN!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOSPITAL...

THESE ARE THE TWO DRIVERS WHO CRACKED UP, AREN'T THEY? TOO BAD, BUT THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!

THEY'RE SO YOUNG, TOO, AND ONE IS MARRIED... HAS A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

I KNOW—BETTER MAKE OUT MY REPORT AND NOTIFY THEIR FAMILIES.



MEANWHILE...

THEY'VE STARTED,
ROD. YOU COACH
YOUR WIFE AN'
I'LL RIDE WITH
NICK. THE LOSER
GOES WITH MR.
SHADE.

OKAY,
SPUD,
IT'S A
BET-
LET'S
GO!

ASH...

DEATH CORNER AHEAD—
OTHER CAR'S CROWDING
ME. SHOULD I TAKE
IT WIDE OR CHANCE A
SKID? WHAT?

IT'S ROD, JEAN. I'M
RIDIN' WITH YOU.
HUG THE RAILING—
EASE UP AN' MAKE
'EM SWING WIDE!

NICK, IT'S SPUD.
YOU'VE GOT TO WIN
THIS RACE—MY LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT.

WHEN WE HIT THE
STRAIGHT AWAY,
START CROWDING
HER. SHE'LL HAVE
TO SLOW DOWN
OR SMASH THE
RAILING!

AND NEARBY...

HE'S GOING TO
POCKET JEAN—
POOR KID, SHE
HASN'T A CHANCE—
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET HER DRIVEN!

TWO LAPS TO GO—
SHE WON'T HAVE
THE NERVE TO TRY
TO SQUEEZE THROUGH
WHEN I GIVE HER THE
WORKS.

2

17

KEEP YOUR NERVE, JEAN,
HE'S ALMOST GOT YOU
BOXED - BUT YOU'VE GOT
A COUPLE INCHES TO CLEAR
HIM - GIVE IT
THE GUN!

YOU FOOL - SMASH
'ER IF SHE DOESN'T
GIVE WAY - SHE'S
COMING THROUGH -
BLOCK HER - STOP
HER!

I MADE IT! ROD
WAS WITH ME -
COACHING ME -
I HEARD HIM!

SHE WON, SPUD,
JEAN WON THE
RACE! AND HERE
COMES MR. SHADE!

YES, THE
BUS IS
WAITING.
COME
ALONG,
SIR!

I'VE GOT TO
HURRY - GOT
TO GET BACK
TO MY BODY
BEFORE THEY
BURY ME!

AND SOON...

YOUR HUSBAND'S
DEAD, MRS. MORGAN.
I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY, BUT YOU
CAN'T COME IN
NOW!

IT'S NOT TRUE,
ROD'S ALIVE -
LOOK - LOOK
THERE IN HIS
BED!

JEAN! YOU
WON THE RACE
AND SAVED
MY LIFE!

YES, ROD, AND YOU
WERE THERE HELPING
ME. DAD SOLD HIS
PATENT - WE'RE RICH,
ROD - AND YOU'RE
ALIVE!

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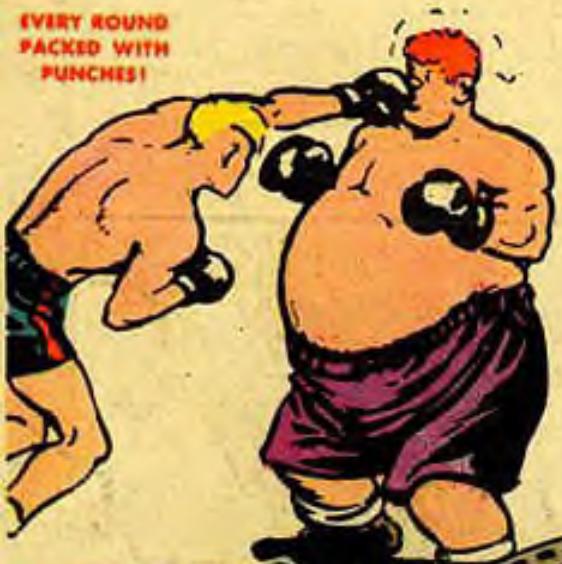
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